



# Mages



286 45 41

## Chapter 1 by Madi

Lost in the woods a girl of twelve years old tried to walk home from school. "Stupid teachers they don't even know what they're doing half of the time!" Madeline said to herself, "Every time we do a work sheet we have to correct the typos in the spelling, it's like they never went to school them selv-" Her sentence was cut short by a small whisper near her.

"hel- help me..."

"Who's there?" asked Madeline, fear trickling into her voice.

"ov- over here."

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



The voice didn't seem scary... the little girl was curious. After all, wasn't helping other good, kind, and noble? All the things her mother had taught her to be before she had died.

She stepped lightly on the soft grass, heading towards the voice.

" Yes, here, hurry!" the small voice called out.

The little girl finally reached where she heard the voice and was amazed at what she saw! A

fairy! Like from the stories. She had convinced herself such things did not exist years ago. She was a big girl now after all, with no

"You're a fairy!" she squeaked.

"Yes, young one! And I need your help. The magic is fading and I need you to help me restore it."

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Madeline looked down and saw the fair had an injured wing and she had a little silver thread tying her down to a tree root. Poor thing, she thought. She bent down to untie the fairy, but a voice caused her to stop.

"Oye, girly? You tryin' ta steal my faerie?" A scary man called out.

### Chapter 3 by LethalPianist



The man had a flowing black cloak, and was leaning on a dark mahogany staff. A dark miasma radiated from around him, turning the air around him and the ground beneath him a dark, dark red.

"What's yer name, girly?" He said with a deep voice, with perhaps a hint of a British accent.

Madeline was scared. She was never afraid of the other children, but this man made her uneasy. She could feel the intense hatred drifting off of the man. Madeline broke into a cold sweat.

"Run! You're no match for him!" The fairy shouted.

Madeline couldn't move. Her legs were paralyzed, and Madeline started to cry.

"M-mommy..." Madeline cried.

The man began to chant. Arcane and guttural sounds erupted from the man's throat, as the dark miasma gathered into a dense cloud. A bright flame began to burn brightly in the middle of the cloud.

"There's no time!" The fairy started glowing as she yelled at Madeline. Madeline was still frozen at the spot.

"Σ†NZ!" The man shouted. The fireball advanced towards Madeline.

She screamed.

### Chapter 4 by Phantim



#### \*Magical fire surrounds you\*

Fire surrounded Madeline but didn't burn her. The mage was surprised.

He walks over to her and stares through the fire. His eyes feel like they are piercing her soul.

Then he quickly waves his hand and the fire disappears.

"It seems we are not so different little girl" he said to her in a soft voice. "I apologise for my

harshness a moment ago. I cannot help that I am the way I am. It has caused me nothing but trouble for many years."

Madeline didn't say anything. The man

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"Look, I am not going to hurt you. In fact, I want to help you. Don't you ever dream of magic, and unicorns, and handsome princes? I think that is what little girls like... let me teach you magic... and you will become a part of that world. A world of wonder and magic! I swear this fairy will be the least amazing thing you see," he continued and held out his hand to the girl.

Madeline wasn't sure... should she trust this man and take his hand... or would she reach out her hand and free the fairy.

### Chapter 5 by Zach Patrick



Madeline hesitated.. "My mother told me not to talk to strangers. Especially creepy old ones." She said with a hint of disdain.

"And what did your mother tell you about speaking to fairies?" Asked the Mage.

Madeline screwed up her face thinking about this unexpected inquiry.

"Well... She didn't say anything actually. Everyone knows fairies aren't real. Well I guess everyone Thinks they aren't. But I guess they are. How did you know they were real, and why did you say she was mean? "

"I'm not mean! I'm just sweat little fairy. Look at my pretty wings!" Pleaded the fairy. "Hush you!" The Mage scolded his captive " Now Madeline, you know several things that others do not. If you would like to know the answer to your question and the others you will have, I suggest you take my hand and we leave before more of her kind show to make a fuss." Said the Mage jutting his chin toward the hobbled fairy. What a very odd afternoon this had become thought Madeline. She did so enjoy the odd and so reached out taking the mages hand.

### Chapter 6 by R



The man began to chant again, casting his hand out and closing his eyes to focus. The wind began to swirl around them, and Madeline gripped his hand tighter. Then, suddenly, the world itself started to fade, and all there was was the swirling wind around him.

Suddenly, the whirlwind began to die, and they weren't in the woods anymore. Instead, they were standing by a dark old house on a hill that overlooked a neighborhood below. Her

neighborhood

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"Wait!" She said, realization dawning. "You said the house lives on the hill!" She cried out. "They tell stories of a ghost that lives in the house. And that you eat children!"

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The Mage laughed at that, a gruff but cheerful sound. "I don't eat children." He told her calmly. "And I'm fairly certain I'm not a ghost. You're out of the woods, child, but now you are faced with a choice. You can run home to your mother and forget about fairies and magic, or-"

His voice trailed off, and Madeline stared up at him.

"Or what?" She asked, eyes wide with curiosity.

"Or I could keep my promise, in the woods." The old man said. "This is your last chance to back out, child. Adventures aren't always what you think they'll be, but you should know that I've never seen anyone as powerful as you, able to see fairies without any training at all."

Madeline listened to the words with awe. She was powerful? Special? Everyone at school had always said she was ordinary. And the chance to have an adventure, the kind out of her dreams.

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She turned to the old man, ready to give her answer.

### Chapter 7 by BulletRefute



"...Fine. I'll go. If only...to change...what happened a few years back."

"And that was...?"

"My mom disappeared. If I can bring her back..."

"No promises my child. Now, then...off we go."

Madeline took a deep, heavy breath. She was scared. Very.

But a deep, intriguing sense filled her body. She had to do this. She had to...

### Chapter 8 by R



They stepped in to the house, but the interior was not a house at all. It was more like an ancient library, with shelves that towered... See more of Story Wars

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"Welcome to the Magisterium." Said a greeter. "Sir Mage, it has been a long time. Who is your young friend?"

"Madeline. Madeline Olivier." She said for herself. The greeter stared at her.

"Madeline Olivier?" The greeter asked. "Sir Mage, am I to assume that this is your apprentice to be?"

"Yes. She has a powerful natural magic ability, and I mean to train it. Do you have a problem with that?" The old man asked, staring the greeter down.

"Not at all, but there are rumors - Luna Olivier - she - she had a daughter, sir Mage. Do you think that. . .?" The old man did not reply, but his face was shocked.

"Excuse me, but, my mother's name is Luna." Madeline said hesitantly. "Do you know what happened to her?"

The greeter quickly backed away, hurrying to greet more new arrivals, and Madeline turned her gaze towards the mage.

"I hadn't realized your mother was Luna Olivier, child." He muttered. "Though it explains your talent. She is - was - one of the heads of the Magisterial Council, a master wizard. Last year -" He trailed off.

"What happened last year? I need to know!"

"Your mother has been taken. We don't know by which group, but on a mission for the Council she disappeared. I wish I knew more, knew how to help. You don't have to continue on this path if you don't want to."

Madeline stared blankly, analyzing the word in her head. A lead. A lead on where her mother was. She hadn't gotten anything before now, and anything was good.

"You have to train me. I have to find and save my mother!" She replied eventually. "I will save her, even if it takes years."

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The old man looked at her. "You are brave, child. But be careful of the bravery you'll need if you want to master magic that quickly." He told her. "Let's get started."

He walked down the mysterious halls and, stirred by the plan in her heart, Madeline followed, matching his steady step.

the end

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